5-15-1897

The Wellesley Magazine (1897-05-15)

Wellesley College

The Wellesley Magazine

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Vol. V.——May, 1897——No. 8

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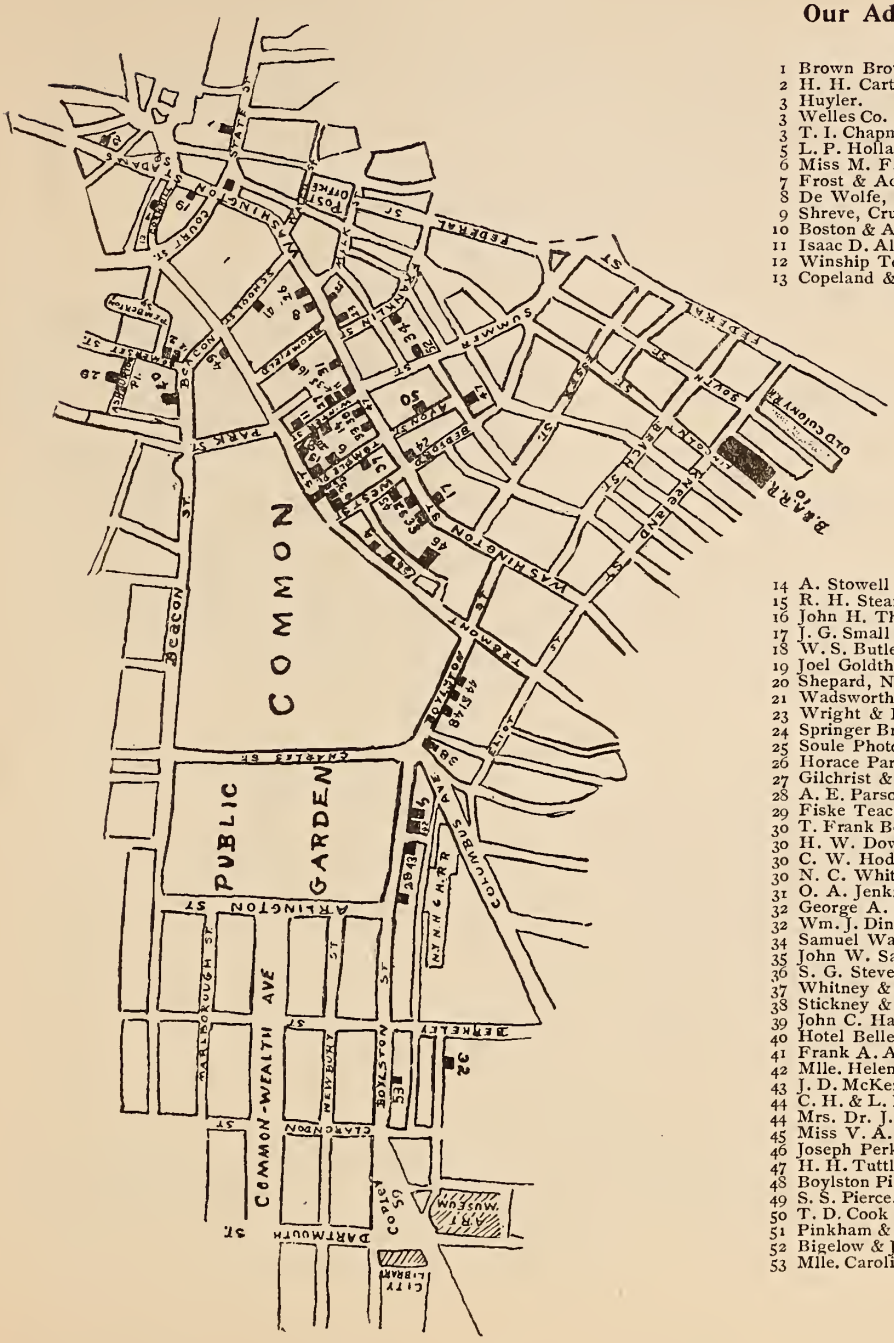

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. WELLESLEY, MAY 15, 1897. No. 8.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the Student Body.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Betty Scott, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Rachel S. Hoge, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications should in all cases be sent to Miss Roberta H. Montgomery, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Terms, $1.75 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Payment should be made by money order.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA AND GOVERNMENT RELIEF WORKS.

IN connection with the famine that is now prevailing over so large a part of India, there is perhaps no one subject that will be so often referred to as that of Government Relief Works. The two are inseparably connected. Where one occurs, the other follows as a matter of course. When famine prevails or threatens, the thought uppermost in the minds of those who know the country and the conditions obtaining here invariably is, "What Relief Works are projected or already in operation to meet the distress? What will Government do to aid the suffering people?" To the lasting credit of the English Government be it said, that promptness characterizes its every action at such times, and that one of the first duties of its officials is to keep Government informed of the needs of districts under their supervision. The Famine Code, with its detailed instructions to officials as to modes of procedure during famine times, is an integral part of the administration of Her Majesty's Indian Empire.

To many, however, of those who read the words "Government Relief Works," they will convey but a vague notion of the system they represent. Of all countries which are liable to visitations of famine, the Indian Empire affords the best example of a system by means of which employment is furnished by the Government to hundreds of thousands of people, suffering want and facing starvation. That is the central principle of Government Relief Works here, namely, to provide employment, usually in the form of moderately severe manual labor, under the supervision of appointed overseers, and at uniform rates of pay, to such of the people as may wish to avail themselves of it. The works are frequently in the form of public works,—buildings, irrigation works, reservoirs, and aqueducts, occasionally the construction of railroads, and similar undertakings to serve the public weal. This year upwards of three million people are engaged on such works, and are thereby securing the food necessary to maintain themselves and their families. The wages paid are intended to be sufficient to supply the laborers with the necessary food. More than this Government does not aim to do, and indeed could not undertake, when conducting works on so vast a scale. The aim accomplished is to afford employment, at subsistence wages, to as many as may ask for it.

For the purpose of engaging in such works, the people are brought together in "camps." At one camp twenty-five miles from Ahmednagar, a while ago, ten thousand people, many from villages and towns at some distance, were encamped together. Some weeks ago we visited a smaller settlement seven miles away, and, in order to make the scene real, I propose to tell briefly what we saw there.

We drove seven miles to a barren, stony hillside. The fields around us should have been showing their heavy ears of grain,—promise of a coming harvest. Instead, they were brown and dry, except at rare intervals, where the happy owner of a well had his own carefully-watered little crop, which by dint of patient irrigation he had brought to maturity. The grass, guiltless of green blades, had been nibbled to its very roots by wandering herds of hungry cattle, and rivers and streams showed only sandy beds or stagnant pools scarce fit for animals.

The camp was on the brow of a low, rolling hill. Here, planted in rows, close together, were small bamboo huts, for the laborers to occupy while at

the works. The huts were made of bamboo matting stretched over a central ridge pole, supported at either end by posts. The space covered by each hut was not more than five feet by six, and, as a rule, a family was assigned to a hut. Most of the men slept on the ground outside the hut. The floor of these huts was of material known as mother earth, from which larger stones had been removed. As originally built, neither end of the hut was closed in, but some of the men had put branches of trees or a rude blanket across one end, while around the sides and in corners were piled the few household possessions, the obvious attempt being to preserve as large a space as possible in the center for the family sleeping compartment.

There were about three thousand people at this camp,—men, women, and children. Of these the majority stayed at the place day and night, the rest coming each morning from near villages, and returning at sunset. Each laborer working full time received full adult wages. Every child that could do some work received a small allowance, and a smaller one still is made for infants and younger children, as also for each aged, infirm adult, and for mothers nursing their babes. Most of these three thousand had left their homes and their little all, in search of work.

The work done at this encampment was that of breaking or crushing stone into metal for laying roads. At one side of the camp was a huge pile of crushed stone, the result of many days' weary toil. They gather each the metal he has made, into iron baskets provided them, and carry the basketful to the general pile. "This stone is hard to crush," they told us, and we, seeing their sore, blistered hands, believed them. To win the promised pay, each must finish his tale of baskets for the day.

These toilers are paid regularly at the end of a stated number of days. Perhaps it would be more strictly correct to say that the paymasters have orders to pay them at stated times; for if we may credit the workers' story, they must frequently wait several days for their pay. "And then we are in sore straits for bread to eat." A grain dealer has set up a shop near by the camp so that the people have not far to go for supplies. The shrewd dealer, on the scent for his penny, started by charging more than market prices for inferior grain. The people discovered his game, but were practically without redress until one fortunate day brought our Governor, His Excellency Lord Sandhurst, on his tour of inspection of Relief Works in his jurisdiction, to

this camp. He asked to be shown a sample of the grain supplied, declared it unfit for use, and the prices too high, and ordered the dealer to improve his trade in both respects on penalty of forfeiting his privilege of selling grain at the camp. "Since then," the patient workers said, "we have good grain, and we pay fair market prices," and the ring of gratitude in their voices was unmistakable.

At larger works, Government provides medicines with trained native medical men to administer them to any in need of treatment. We, on this visit, did not find such arrangements at this place. Indeed, no sooner had I stepped to the ground from our conveyance, than I found myself in the midst of a group of old patients and their relations, and nearly every one began with his particular tale of woe, as much as to say, "Seeing you makes me think that I have a lame foot," or, "You remind me that my boy has a cough."

This, in brief, is one of the many Government Relief Works now in progress in this country. Have we it fully in mind just what that word "Relief" implies? Here are nearly three thousand human beings, living miles from home, in a settlement of small bamboo huts, on an open hillside. At night, in these months of our winter just passed, the thermometer has frequently been below 50°, and the winds have blown keen and cutting to these ill-clad people. Such winds would without difficulty find their way into, and around, and out of the huts, on whose earth floors families lay huddled together for warmth. Not more than one thickness of blanket would they have to lie on, and often not as much to cover them. The hand-mills, in which all their grain is ground, were planted in the earth at the doors of the huts, the space immediately surrounding them being swept a bit cleaner than that at a distance. The flour falling from between the millstones collected in little heaps on the ground, and was then gathered up to be made into bread. At close of a day's work, the women must come home (?) to grind grain for their evening meal.

In sickness, cold, and hunger, they keep at work, that their wages may not be lacking on pay day. One woman I saw holding close to her breast a wee babe whose tiny frame was every few minutes shaken by a violent fit of coughing. The child had not a thread of clothing on, and its mother was stretching her own garment over it to shelter it from the cool evening air. A

missionary lady living twenty-five miles from us said that at the Works near her home she knew of many a baby that first looked out on this world in the open air, the stars watching its earliest struggles with the strange environment into which it was born. So at this camp, as the number seeking work increased, it was found impossible to erect huts fast enough to accommodate all, and many a family was houseless for days and weeks of cold weather. Fully half the people probably had never done work as hard as this to which they had come for the *relief* it afforded them—yes, relief from the fear and danger of starvation. When Lord Sandhurst was here, one of the points he made and emphasized repeatedly was, "Let not a life that can possibly be saved be lost for lack of food." That is the attitude of Government, the end they are straining every resource to accomplish in India. Far be it from anyone to raise a word of criticism or complaint because of what is not done. That is farthest from my intention. It is rather that India's friends in America may know to what their stricken fellow-beings are driven in this country to obtain relief from their condition; that they may realize that their condition at these Relief Works is after all better than it would be if they had stayed at home.

The keen cold has gone, and soon a merciless sun will beat on their heads, and scorching winds burn their eyes, and glowing sandstone reflect a glaring heat, and still they will toil over their tale of baskets, for the bread and gruel that can thus only find its way to their own and their children's mouths.

JULIA BISSELL, M.D.

AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA, March 12, 1897.

THE STORY OF NAPOLEON MACNAMARRA.

"IT iss von greetes' peety," said Peter Krussbald solemnly over his tall beer glass, "dat, no matter how fery many childrens dose Macnamarra do have, dey do lose all but de one at de time. It iss peetys."

The bartender drew another foaming glass, and set it out on the long table before he answered.

"Shure, yis, it's hard on Moike, an' him that fond o' childer! An' thin, too, they all dies that young that he can't hiv thim inshured in no lodge nor

nothin', an' so the poor unfort'nate bye does be allus a-payin' fur fun*ay*rals. It kapes 'im poor, it does. Inthermints is got to be moighty costhly av late. It's the hard toimes does it."

"De times—yes, he iss fery hardt." Dutch Peter blew a great cloud of smoke all around his head, and spoke from its obscurity. The bartender came out from behind his counter and sat on the table beside Peter, swinging his heels and nibbling at a pretzel. "Bud, in spite of de times, two kinder are dere togeder dis efferning up at de house of Mike. Dot iss so."

"Roight ye air! It's how Oi'm not manin' to say nothin' 'ginst the toimes in gineral, not Oi! An' Oi've knowed these foive days an' more as there was two Macnamarra kids 'shtid o' one; fur Moike, he says to me, a wake ago come Sathurday noight, as how he shouldn't be down town wid de boys fur a matther av tin days. Says he, 'In view o' the circumshtances, Mrs. Macnamarra hez decoided not to give me but tin dollars o' me month's pay, 'shtid o' fiftayne; an' even so Oi'm not at liberty to expind those tin. So the kid lives, there's the christhenin' to be paid for, an' iv it ups an' doies, shure, there's an illigant an' commo'jous fun*ay*ral to be pervoided for. Oi shall not come down town. Poss*ay*bly Oi may niver onct lave Missis Macnamarra and the bye,' says he. The christhenin' comes off the noight, Oi'm thinkin'?"

The bartender cast a withering glance of triumph at Peter, but that good soul did not realize how flat his news had fallen. He smoked placidly on, solemnly tapping his empty glass.

"The noight it is, ain't it?" the bartender repeated.

"You are reet. It iss to-night," answered the serene Peter.

"Shure, it's gay ould times they're havin', thin! Oi'm hopin', fur 'Poley's sake, that there bean't no foightin' goin' on. 'Poley's the onluckiest kid that ever saw dirt. Ivery foight av the year, an' 'Poley's gettin' some hurt av it! Most onlucky!"

"Ja! It iss von goot leetle kid, but it iss also von fery onlucky. He iss too risksome, und he is not the strongest. He iss fery leetle, und fery—oh, so t'in! Bud he can blay like—like ze greet Azarael engel!"

Peter's knowledge of mythology was not the clearest, and scarcely equal to this unwonted call upon his memory and imagination. He sat in silence for a moment, vaguely feeling that he had made a mistake, but unable to tell

where it lay. The bartender, however, who was born in a free country, and so had grown up in orthodox ignorance of all save his Paternoster and the names of a few authorized saints, was impressed by the German's learning.

"He cooms down to mine house, und teks mine instru*ment* und blays und blays upon her. It iss fery vundervoll how dat he can ven he iss von so leetle a boy. I lend her to him many viles to blay upon. Napoleon is a greet leetle boy."

The barkeeper, with half a pretzel hanging from his mouth, nodded sagely. At that moment the saloon door was banged violently open, and a man burst in panting and breathless.

"An, Pathrick, me bye, have ye heard the news? No, but yez haven't, fur, shure, Oi'm the first man o' the town to know about it, bein' sint by Moikel himsilf fur the docthor! Arrah, it's a strange tale av a christhenin' to be tellt; an' it's out o' brith Oi am wid runnin'!"

"Have some beer, Thomas O'Morrissey, an' mebby ye'll be gittin' yer brith the quicker for it. An' phwhat is yer great news all about, at all?" inquired the bartender, taking the full glass from the table and offering it to the newcomer.

Thomas O'Morrissey drank thirstily, picked several pretzels from the bowl on the table, and seated himself comfortably in an armchair before he answered.

"Shure, it was all along o' the gal*lan*try o' Jimmy Hinnigan in the first place. He come to the christhenin', havin' had a full plinty to dhrink down town afore he shtarted, an', feelin' merry an' jokin'-loike, he begins shtraight off a-courthin' Mary Maloney. But Mary, she's slow an' quite-loike, besides bein' somewhat ould fur sich flimmuries, an' she wouldn't have nothin' to say wid him, the pore man! It's the mate an' the dhrink was flowin' ginerous up at Moike's to-noight, an' Jimmy Hinnigan wasn't niver yit the man to thurn away good vittles in wastefulniss. Fur that rayson, he partook ginerous an' did himsilf proud, did Jimmy."

"Oi'll bet on Jimmy fur that, ava!"

"Bud vy do you vant de doctor for dat? Iss he gone sick of it?" inquired Peter, in wonder.

"Not he. The bye's used to a thrifle loike that, me man! It's a sairious matther what's requoirin' the docthor's attindance, an' iv only ye'll listhen, Oi'm tellin' ye."

"Be shtill, Peter!" growled the bartender.

"Long o' eight o'clock, Father Corcoran he came up for the cirimony. The good man was no sooner beginnin', an' about to go namin' av the babby, than Jimmy Hinnigan, he up an' took Mary Maloney by the tops av her shlaves, an' shtood her up 'ginst the wall, side o' him, an' yells out, says he, 'Your riverince is givin' us the wrong cirimony inthoirely!' says he. 'Ye're called for to marry us two, an', shure, iv ye're waitin' much longer about it, the lady'll be changin' her moind. Jist hustle it up a bit, your riverince, an' ye can do the prayin' aftherwards,' says he.

"'All in good toime, Jimmy!' says Father Corcoran, pleasant as you please. 'All in good toime; but as Oi've a couple av wakes over in Hamtown to look in upon layther in the avenin', it wud be a great favor to me iv ye could jist put off the little affair till noon to-morrow.'

"'''Tis absholutely impossayble!' yelled Jimmy thin.

"'All roight, me lad!" says Father Corcoran. "Only, as Oi've got so well shtarted in the christhenin', it would be a bad job to shtop short av the name. Wouldn't it, now?'

"Iverybody, 'ceptin' Jimmy an' Mary Maloney, was a-laughin' an' a-screamin' by that. Jimmy he got mad.

"'She's a most decaitful young cat av a woman!' says he. 'She's afther breakin' me heart desthructively these thray toimes alridy, an' now ye'd be hilpin' her to the fourth av 'em. Shame on ye! Now, will ye be marryin' av us, or won't ye?'

"Thin Father Corcoran was for shmoothin' av him down, but Mary she shpoke out steady an' pleasant wid: 'Oh, come ye, now, Jimmy, behave! Don't ye bother an' pesther his riverince, but come out into the kitchen along o' me. There's a whole new stim av bananys i' the coal scuttle ahint the door.'

"An' Jimmy he wint. The christhenin' got on very well widdout him. Thin, afther Father Corcoran had got safely out o' the front window an' over the hill an' away to Hamtown, we wint to the riscue av Mary. We come on Jimmy, roarin' dhrunk, a-settin' on a tin dish pan an' singin' through a flour sifter an' feedin' Mary bananys. He hadn't eat none himsilf, but Mary she was on her eleventh, an' glad an' ready to die. Bananys are powerful hard ayten.

"Thin, 'twas the matther how to get rid o' Jimmy. He was too

dhrunk to get sobered, an' shure, there wasn't enough whiskey in all that house to make him any dhrunker. He was pretty thorough, alridy. So we didn't know phwhat to do wid him. Lastly, we put 'im out o' doors, wid a sthrong man to sit on 'im, which same sthrong man did fail to do his dooty most outrageous. Along o' the middle av the avenin, whin 'Poley was playin', an' iverybody wid two good fate was a-dancin' an' a-dancin', Oi heard a tremenjious shoutin'. On going out to inquoire, what should Oi foind but Jimmy Hinnigan, dancin' on the sthrong man, what he'd taken off his gaard, an shinulantherin loike mad. We sthraightway atthimpted to disarm him,—which is to say, raymove his boots,—whin the bye pulled out a stick av giant dinimoite powther outen his pocket, an' clared a thrack fur himsilf loively. He marches sthraight into that comp'ny wid his powther in 's hand, an' begins to make a spache. Thin, in honor av the cilibration, 'e sets that sthick of powther off at the front window. That was a gorjious blast! 'Poley's hurt, an' Jimmy himsilf is wantin' a hand, an' siveral others has lost various thriflin' mimbers. An' that's phwhy Oi'm sint for the dochtor."

"Dot iss sad to me for 'Poley. He iss a goot boy. Iss he badly brocken?" inquired the German anxiously.

"Oi can't say. Shure, it's his backbone—not to mintion that the babby's kilt intoirely."

"Dot vass too bad. Now must I gif him my little box of joinings," said Peter, and rose and shuffled away without another word.

The bartender looked curious. "What's thim?" he asked.

"He means his accorgeon," exclaimed Thomas O'Morrissey. "He lends it to 'Poley, 'cause 'Poley ain't got nothin' o' his own but a mouth-organ."

. . . . . .

Little Napoleon Macnamarra was being taken to a hospital. His hurt had been even more serious than O'Morrissey feared; and as soon as the wake and the burying were out of the way, and the baby brother had become only one of the number of half-forgotten babies who were so common in the annals of his house, Napoleon set out on his journey.

It was a sorrowful procession, although of an odd appearance. First came a great black barouche, lent by a livery man, which the grocer's

horse, a shaggy, little, old animal, drew. In the barouche, propped and bolstered on three feather beds and numberless pillows, rode Napoleon and his mother, she sitting very straight, with her bonnet put on awry, he lying helplessly in a valley of feather beds, but playing "John Brown's Body," in stirring time, on his old red accordeon. Father Corcoran tramped along beside the carriage, and gave directions to the urchin who was driving. After him walked a mixed multitude of the child's friends, old men and boys, and even women. "John Brown's Body" wheezed on, and they all fell into step; finally, indeed, they fell to singing the final couplet of each verse as they walked:—

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
Whilst we go marchin' on!"

Last of all, squeaking a weary accompaniment to the grisly refrain, came a handcart, which contained provisions for the journey. As the morning advanced, boiled eggs, bread, cold roast pork, jelly, cheese, cookies, and like dainties were produced from it, and handed forward down the line. Only 'Poley would eat nothing. He didn't want it; he was going to the hospital to have his backbone mended so that he could go in swimming again with the other fellows, and the thought of that miracle was nourishment enough for him. He had not moved a foot for six days now, and his arms were uncomfortably stiff. But Father Corcoran—and Father Corcoran knew—had said that the doctors at the hospital could make him as good as new in a couple of days; so he played "John Brown" quite gayly as he lay there in the midst of his feather beds, and watched eagerly for a first glimpse of the hospital towers in front of them.

. . . . . .

Poor little Napoleon! He was in miracle land so short a time, and was hurried out of its light so rudely! Poor little man!

It was all over. The doctors had looked at his back and his stiffened feet, and had asked a few questions, and then told him that he must go home again, because they had no place for him. And afterwards, when his mother was gone from the room, 'Poley in his turn had asked a few questions, and had listened to the old surgeon with dazed ears, his big eyes frightened and unseeing. He was to go home,—to be a brave little man,—never to walk again,—not to cry, because, well, because it wouldn't be

long. How long? Perhaps one week, perhaps two. No, it wouldn't hurt him at all, now; he would just—die. That would be all.

And so Napoleon was carried out to his barouche, and laid gently down among the pillows and feather-beds, and nobody of all his retinue knew that his kingdom would soon be gone. Poor little emperor!

The procession formed again, and set out for home, the barouche leading as before, and the victual cart bringing up the rear. The whole company had a tired but satisfied air, like men who have done their whole duty and been successful in part of it. The rumor had gone down the line that 'Poley might go home at onee, instead of having to stay for several days in the hospital, and that he was much better. They were very glad. There was music, too, eoming back to them from the barouche; and, though it was "Comrades," or "Auld Lang Syne," or "Sweet Home," that the boy played this time, nobody missed the gallant lilt of "John Brown."

. . . . . .

"Yes, it vas peeties,—great peeties!" sighed old Peter mournfully, as he drank his beer. "He vas von fery fine leetle boy, de Napoleon. He could blay—oh, fery goot! He vas blayin' de day of de deat'. He vas blaying your 'Home' on my leetle box of joinings ven he die."

"Pore 'Poley! It's a great kid he was, indade!" returned the bartender. It was late at night, and Peter was his only listener, so that he could allow himself a little sentimental grief without much loss of dignity.

"Bud, ven you beliefs it, or ven you do not, yet it iss so, dass das mine leetle box of joinings vill not since blay any gay, or vat may be merry, songs, bud alvays de sad ones. Und I myself haf try it, und I haf mek other peoples try it, bud it do alvays sing de sorrowfuls. Dot iss so strange, no?"

"It is that," answered the bartender, dryly.

MISS MARY WILKINS VERSUS NATURE.

ALTHOUGH the mercury outdoors, one August afternoon, stood at the ordinary dog-day figure of eighty-four degrees Fahrenheit, the usual chill hung in the air as I entered the Mortons' back parlor. I knew from long experience that the high-backed haircloth lounge, with a hard, fat cushion

erect in each corner, was uncompromisingly cold and slippery; and the tall, unused coal stove, swathed in its summer veil of white mosquito net, always looked half shivering in rusty disuse. I suppose that without my hostess the room would have seemed an ordinary New England parlor,—darkened for comfort and soothingly cool,—but with Miss Deborah Morton sitting stiffly erect in a mahogany chair, the result was frigidity.

I cannot imagine Miss Deborah in a warm atmosphere. Even in the winter when the tall stove has lost its veil the coal burns uncertainly, as if chilled by her influence. Perhaps this is partly my imagination, but the sensation of frosty air surrounding Miss Deborah is strong in my mind. It dates back to the September morning when, a little girl with stiffly starched pinafore, I spelled out my first reading lesson at her knee.

She looked pretty in her own chilly fashion this afternoon sitting by the window with her lavender sprigged muslin falling about her in crisp folds. When she turned her short-sighted gray eyes toward me, I remembered the tiny, forgotten rip in my glove. She laid down her book as I entered, but for some minutes she did not speak. As I unrolled my embroidery I saw that her book was "Jane Field," by Mary Wilkins.

"In the hurry of your daily life have you ever found leisure to peruse the writings of Miss Wilkins?" she asked, at last, with judicial slowness. Miss Deborah enjoyed rhetorical effects. I never knew her to use a word of two syllables when one more imposing could be found.

"Yes'm, a little," said I.

My childish assent slipped out unawares. Once with five hundred long miles between us, I had resolved to stop answering "Yes'm" to Miss Deborah's questions. Now that I sat under the gaze of those steely eyes, I was surprised at a thought so bold.

"Her sketches of New England life are so entertaining, but so untrue to life," she continued. "Take, for example, the occasion upon which one of the characters, in 'Jane Field,' made a three days' excursion to Boston. Do you recollect how she placed ten saucers of milk for the refreshment of her cat during her absence? I am certain that no New England lady would behave in so ludicrous a fashion."

"In fact," she went on after a moment, "my sister Anne and I have for years spent the first week in October with our cousins in Winchester. I am sure that our behavior is never peculiar."

I embroidered silently while Miss Deborah impaled a vagrant fly on a hard folded newspaper lying on the window. After she had borne away the victim to the kitchen stove she spoke again in a tone almost confidential.

"And do you know," she said, "how Anne and I dispose of the undergarments which we wear immediately before our departure? When we are dressed for the journey, we bring our soiled underwear to the kitchen table, from which the cloth has previously been removed. With a pair of shears I cut the garments into small portions, that their original shape may not be recognized. Then, while I cleanse the shears and table, Anne takes the portions, and, going to the back garden, buries them near the spice-rose bushes in a hole prepared earlier in the day. You observe," she finished proudly, "that by this simple method we avoid the unpleasant conversation which would be consequent upon the discovery of soiled linen in the house, if it were opened in case of conflagration."

We were silent after Miss Deborah finished her burst of confidence. I was looking out the window, past the gay-colored hollyhock spikes, and past the stiff lines of red poppies to the spice-rose bushes, where the graves of those small bits of linen lay. I was thinking of the justification to Miss Wilkins if some of her unfavorable critics had listened with me that afternoon to Miss Deborah's little story.

Finally, I rose to go. "My dear," said Miss Deborah, with calm assurance, as she gave me her chilly finger tips at parting, "I am positive that your mature deliberation, coupled with your own good sense, will convince you that Miss Wilkins, while possessing an excellent command of language, yet greatly exaggerates the peculiarities of New England womanhood."

"Yes'm," said I.

Sara Sumner Emery.

THE STANDING JOKE AT CARTRETS.

Days and nights were likely to be long at Cartrets. The group of wits and sages who spent their leisurely Kentucky afternoons and evenings in the hotel office realized the fact, and made efforts to amuse themselves. The result was a strain which even the wit of Cartrets could scarcely have withstood, if Providence had not interposed Sym Reeve. He was an hereditary

benefactor of the town. The jests made at his expense by the fathers were passed down to the sons and lost none of their relish in the passing. Even his appearance in the office was the signal for an outburst of hilarity. When some wag was inspired to call him "green 'Simmons," Cartrets took up the idea with enthusiasm, and as "green 'Simmons" will Andrew Symington Reeve be handed down by the traditions of the town. Even the smallest of the "little niggers" who respectfully saluted him as "Cap'en" while in caning distance, when once out of reach would shout at him, "He's green 'Simmons," and then scurry around a corner. Small boys, white and black, knew no more fearful pleasure than such long distance conversations with Sym, and the exciting chase which followed.

Cartrets boasted but one main street, and that was apparently pervaded by Sym Reeve. Early in the day he was concerned with the weightier matters of life, and spent his time talking in front of the shops and on the street corners. Later, social duties claimed him, and almost any summer afternoon he might be seen leaning on a gate post in conversation with one of his innumerable cousins and aunts. Years passed, the young shoots in Cartrets budded and blossomed and sent up other young shoots, but Sym remained unchanged. When babies were taken out for their first airing they got an early impression of deep-set twinkling eyes that inspected them from under bushy eyebrows, of a tall, stooped figure, a flapping coat, and a soft felt hat. By the time they were a year old the impression had become positive knowledge. They grew up, as it were, under the flapping of Sym's coat, and after they were grown the sight of it would often throw them into a reminiscent mood.

The associations, whatever they may have been, which the youthful mind connected with Sym at ordinary times, produced on circus day a fever of expectation. At this climax of the year he was invariably seen making his way toward the circus tents, followed by a little procession of eager kilts and pinafores. Once within he treated his following to unlimited pop corn and pink lemonade, a source of present pleasure, future pain, and still more distant delightful recollection. Sym showed no partiality to sex, but gathered his crowd indiscriminately. Very small boys never made objection to the plan, nor found the small girls a hindrance to their enjoyment of the elephant. When, however, the very small became the merely small boys,

when they forsook kilts for trousers, and began to hate all the girl part of creation, then also they gave up their loyalty to Sym. They usually allowed the revolt to smoulder until after circus day. After that event they braced themselves to the deed and followed in the footsteps of their fathers. At the first favorable opportunity they shouted around a corner at Sym, "Cups to the bush, Cap'en, cups to the bush!" then took to their reprobate young heels. It was the Rubicon which all the boys of Cartrets crossed sooner or later. After such a proceeding the graceless youngsters were never again invited to one of Sym's circus parties.

The famous "cups to the bush" story was one of Cartrets' most treasured relics of the war. It is possible, speaking from the town's point of view, that Morgan made his raid through Kentucky chiefly that this incident might happen. As in other traditions, however, the facts of the case had become slightly blurred in the lapse of time. The story was, therefore, told with variations, but the climax was always the same. Sym and the town militia appeared riding home at breakneck speed, and casting off unnecessary equipment by the way. The rank and file of the town pinned their faith to the tale. Even the most conservative adopted the attitude that it was better to let sleeping dogs lie. As for Sym himself, whenever he heard the story in the process of evolution in the hotel office, he swore frankly and with true Southern abandon. Yet when one of the urchins of the town shouted "cups to the bush" at him, he contented himself with shaking his stick at the offender and remarking that "some fool fellow had been telling that child lies."

As a daily occupation, Sym, rather late in life, took up journalism. He made his appearance in the field as reporter to the Cartrets *Weekly Beagle*. It was a case of the office seeking the man. The *Beagle's* limited finances could scarcely have afforded a more expensive reporter. Sym asked no payment, and had all night and day for spare time. Moreover, he knew all the comings and goings of his relatives, and as the Reeve "connection" included most of the town, and not a few of the surrounding county, Sym was no mean addition to the "staff." He was not asked to write the political columns, since he was that frowned-upon anomaly, a Southern Republican. Parties and weddings were beyond his scope, because his one adjective, "elegant," could not meet all the demands of the situation. But in the

personals and obituaries he was at home. He reported faithfully the movements of his townsmen while they lived, and when they were dead, wrote them two-columned obituaries, never failing to dwell on the family history and the great grandfather who came from Virginia. Cartrets usually smiled when Sym mentioned the first settlers, but secretly they felt a tickling of pride at the mention of a Revolutionary ancestor.

Reporting was Sym's pastime. What he regarded as his business, so far as he had one, was keeping in order and repair the town's first graveyard. In it were buried the Virginia emigrants who were, apparently, the common ancestors of Sym and the rest of the town. As a place for interment, the old church burying ground had been disused since the war. The fence had fallen down, and the ragweed and jimpson had grown up rank and tall. It was only when the wind parted the grasses that the old tombstones appeared and disappeared in ghostly fashion. Sym's interest in the place was more than genealogical. His mother and father had been buried within its close, and sometime during his youth he had followed thither his wife and his little son.

Sym found it hard work to arouse in Cartrets an interest in its ancestors, at least an interest penetrating enough to reach the purse. No attention was paid to his various shifts to raise money for the cemetery, until the *Beagle* gave notice that he would lecture on the history of Lee County. Then the laugh that went around the hotel stove spread even beyond town limits. The crowd that flocked to hear him were bent on mischief. The small boys, however, who went to the "speakin'" bursting with anticipation, came home sick of the world. For some yet unexplained reason, the scoffers did nothing but sit quietly and listen. The few who were absent could not afterwards find out in what Sym's eloquence lay. The lecture, however painfully prepared, could be easily condensed. Certain early settlers, all of them, in fact, had "raised large and elegant families," and were buried in the old church burying ground. The orator himself, according to report, "puffed and spluttered" more than ever. Whatever may be the truth at the bottom of this little well, two things are certain. The wits of the hotel office were in no humor for joking the next morning, and, what is more to the point, Sym afterwards had no lack of funds for restoring the cemetery. In a short time improvements appeared in the disguise of a barbed-wire fence and a row of young locust trees.

Besides raising money for the burying ground, Sym had one other steady occupation. It was reforming from the vice of strong drink. His father before him, like more than one gentleman of the old school, had been fond of his cups, and had spent many a night filling them up. The old squire had caroused in a gentlemanly way and always at home. Poor Sym could exercise no such control over his thirst. Whenever the pittance from the remains of his father's estate fell due, he went off on what Cartrets called a "grand spree." In such a state he remained till all his money was gone, then he reformed. The process of the reformation was this. He went to call on one of his aunts or cousins, drew her a picture of the miseries of intemperance, and declared that he was no longer its victim. When, however, his next interest was paid him, Sym fell again. Cartrets, especially the women, looked with great leniency on this continually repeated rise and fall of Virtue. "Sym can't help it," they explained. "He is like his father before him. There always was a wild streak in the Reeves."

The circle in the hotel office would have been sceptical at the suggestion that Sym had any particular use in the world beyond amusing them. They were saved the exertion, however, for no one thought of suggesting such a thing. True, there were children who would have gone without candies and toys but for him. Young lovers had occasion to remember his friendly nod and wink preceding just the right bit of news, to draw off the eyes of watchful elders. In sickness, his visits were scarcely less regular than the doctor's, and he had spent more than one night bathing feverish hands and faces. Poor Sym! He built on a sandy foundation. Children are an ungrateful tribe, and lovers and sick people forget, when they are themselves again. There was only one in Cartrets who never forgot. He indeed counted for little, an old grizzled darkey who always took off his cap to Sym, and welcomed him with an affectionate and toothless smile. Sym had nursed him through the smallpox once, and he, strange to say, returned the kindness with proud and faithful devotion.

What Sym was before age stooped his shoulders and dissipation hollowed his eyes, no one in Cartrets seemed to remember. Perhaps the lady with curls over her ears and breadths of crinoline in her petticoats, who had her daguerreotype taken for him, might have told. But she lay asleep in the old church burying ground, and Cartrets had long since forgotten her.

Bernice O. Kelly, '99.

THE LABORATORY CAT.

I'm a ghost!
I can boast
Of a quality distilled
Through the nine times I've been killed,
Of an odor alcoholic,
Of a spirit diabolic;
For I'm made
From the shade
Of a laboratory cat,
Filtered through a boiling vat.
And I roam
The gloam,
With the fiendish category
Of the fifth floor laboratory.
Miouw!

As I prowl
I yowl,
With a weird, unearthly howl.
I hiss
In the bliss
Of a cataleptic fit,
And I spit.
True, I've lost my lachrymæ,
And my segments vertebræ
Are slightly disarranged;
But what of that!
I have several extra carpals,
Hygienic metacarpals.
There's a phosphorescent gleam
My occipitals between,
And a horrid flame eternal
'Twixt my ribs and segments sternal;
The mere vision of me seen,
'Twould kill a rat.
So I roam
The gloam
With the fiendish category
Of the fifth floor laboratory.
May I go to purgatory.
Miouw!

MARY HEFFERAN, '96.

"IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES."

THE town of Rawlins, Wyoming, is built on the slope of one of the bare, ugly mountains that stretch themselves for weary miles along the route of the Union Pacific Railway. The streets run on one side of the tracks only, and are at right angles to them, so that when you pass in the train you can look straight down their treeless, wind-swept lengths to where they stop in their sandy, dizzy climb up the mountain.

At the foot of the main street, close to the freight-train and hand-car covered tracks, stand the railroad buildings, all painted a dark red, and roofed with corrugated iron, which draws the heat and fairly blisters the dry frames underneath. On either side of the plank walk that leads to the passenger station is a neat parallelogram of ground, securely inclosed by a fence of iron pipes painted in the red of the buildings. These modest plots boast a democratic array of various triumphs in the line of vegetation. Passengers grown soul-sick of the sad wastes of gray sagebrush and white alkali dust, welcome these patches of green with broad impartiality. For the greatest part of the day during the hot summer months, when the earth lies withered in the glare of sunlight, and everything but the tireless cañon wind has ceased activity, the station is deserted. But about eleven o'clock in the morning, when the West-bound makes its twenty-minute stop, and again at three in the afternoon, when the East-bound rushes in panting and parched, ready for a deep breath and a long draught of water from the huge, red tank,—at these two hours the place suddenly swarms with men. They stand idly about or lounge on the iron pipes, watching, with the interested gaze of lonely people, the passengers as they jump eagerly from the train to snatch a tasteless bite in the dining room, or rest their travel-worn bodies by a brisk walk up and down the platform.

On one of the most blowy, scorching days of the August of two years ago, just as the train was pulling in from the East, a young man carrying a cornet case came down the main street. He walked with an easy gait through the groups of newly-alighted passengers, and went into the room that bore over its outside door the signboard with the familiar blue ground and white lettering of Western Union Telegraph offices. He passed without the preliminary of a preparative knock through the "No Admittance"

door; and stepping up behind the operator, who sat bent over his machine, gave that gentleman's hair a jovial pull.

"Hello, Williams," he said, with a cheerful grin; "I'm off."

"Yes, Minor," said Williams, rubbing a sympathetic hand down a rather lengthy shock of brown hair, "yes, I feel that you are, decidedly so."

He stood up and energetically waved a palm leaf fan before his flushed face.

"All ready for the run, are you?" he went on. "Hope the concert will be a great success, old fellow. I'd go on myself if I could. You really need somebody to stir the applause now and then."

"Tact isn't strictly in your line, Williams. You may remember my having said so before. But the remark doesn't enfeeble with age. But, really, I wish you were coming."

"Sorry, but I can't. Allison is gone and has left the place to me. He doesn't get back until the three this afternoon, and you know we've only the one West-bound on now."

"Yes, I know. I wanted to go out this afternoon myself. As it is, I'll have a whole day in that forsaken spot, Rock Springs. If you'd come it wouldn't be so bad. You might get some other fellow to run this one-horse affair of yours."

Williams straightened two broad shoulders in mock hauteur.

"If it is only a one-horse affair you're the only fellow in town besides myself that can manage the beast. It would hardly pay, I think, to have you stay and me go. Your audience would be glad to see me and all that, but they'd scarcely want to exchange your cornet for my clapping, even if I am an expert."

Minor threw a slow glance of pretended anxiety on his friend.

"Aren't you a bit worried over this unusual burst of modesty. Your lofty spirit glows and shines so,—I'm fairly sunburned. O, I say, the very piece of music I wanted to take of all others I've left up at my rooms on the piano. I put it under the lid last night so as to be sure to have it at hand this morning for the rehearsal. Blake didn't come up and I forgot all about it. I guess I'll have time to run up for it now."

"Don't be an idiot, Frank. I wouldn't risk a sunstroke this day, not for any audience. There won't be half a dozen there that know what you play, anyway."

"Thanks!"

"You know what I mean. Do you suppose they're going to hear you because you play fine music and because they have an appreciative ear? Not much. They probably know you're going to the Conservatory on the money you take in to-night, and they'd probably go just as willingly if you played Yankee Doodle nine times running and gave it as an encore after each one."

"Whew! You don't mind a generous sweep now and then, do you? I know they're not as discriminating as you and all my neighbors—but then, the Rock Springs people haven't heard me practicing these same things for weeks. I said I'd bring that piece and I will. It's my best one. I won't run in on my way back. I'll just make the train."

"Good luck to you, Frank. If you get blown to the top of the mountain or buried in this infernal sand, just toot up on your 'Martyrs' and I'll ——"

The slam of the screen door impatiently snapped off the rest of his sentence.

As Minor left the station he made a rapid time calculation. "I've just about fifteen minutes. I've walked one way often in five. That gives me a generous margin of five minutes to get my music and board my train."

As he swung off up the street his glowing vitality contrasted strongly with the dull deadness of the place. He had not lived long enough in its colorless desolation to have had his freshness and energy sapped. Frank Minor was a young man without parents and without money, of a cheerful, plucky disposition and sensible ambitions. He was of a practical turn, and bent all his energies to make these aspirations realities, instead of dreaming idly about them. His position of the last year had left all his evenings free for practice. He had used the hours wisely (even his neighbors reluctantly admitted the virtue of his perseverance), and made material progress. His teacher, a man of discernment and sympathy, had secured engagements for him at Ogden, Rock Springs, and Evanston. The first concert was to be given that night at Rock Springs, some ninety miles away. He was full of a natural nervousness over the outcome of his venture. Apart from his real interest in the material side of the affair—apart from his bounding hopes of large audiences, and his sickening fears of small scattered ones—he felt the novice's strong desire to show his art for what it was worth and for what it

meant; and he felt quite as keenly an uncomfortable dread of his not being able to please or to reach his audience.

When he reached his room he found that the blinds had been drawn. He groped his way through the half darkness and felt under the lid of the piano for his music. It was not there.

"Perhaps it's at the other end," he grumbled, as he stumbled awkwardly over the piano stool. Not there, either. He walked to the windows and threw open the blinds. The sunlight broke through the room in broad, dust-laden bands. Minor went thoughtfully across the room and sat down on the piano stool.

"Let me see; I was sitting just here, and I laid it down so; and I remember saying ——"

But the experiment was only a cold help to his memory. It traced the music to the corner under the lid, and left it there. Minor tossed over the loose sheets that lay strewn in hopeless confusion on the top of the piano and upon the chair.

"Well, I'll take this as substitute. I'm not quite up on it, and that other is just the thing ——"

He opened his case, and there on the top lay the missing sheet. He was so simply glad in the finding of it that he forgot to be ill-natured with his lapse of memory. He even laughed indulgently over its untimely desertion.

"What a memory I have,—I mean haven't." He snapped his case together and ran down the stairs and out into the street.

The wind blew rudely about him and tossed sand into his smarting eyes. As he was making his last block a strong gust swept under the brim of his hat and hurled it triumphantly across the street. He scurried after it, and stooped with the energy of exasperation to pick it up. It slipped tormentingly from his grasp, and lay still a few feet farther on. He ran again and almost threw himself upon it. The crown gave a crackling little gasp of surrender as his weight came upon it. He put it, rather battered from its escapade, on his head.

"You look a bit crest-fallen," he said with a whimsical smile, and then gave a quick look down to the station. A sudden spasm of dread seized him. He heard distinctly again the "All aboard" of the conductors. He rubbed a fresh flirt of sand from his eyes and looked again. The train ready

to start, and he could not catch it! For a second everything swam black and upside down before him. Then the momentary paralysis left him. He broke into a fast run and shouted in a harsh, loud voice. But the officials were looking up and down the platform for a chance unwarned passenger. He saw, as he ran, the men stroll leisurely up to the steps of the cars. He saw the women running in nervous little groups toward their particular sleepers. He heard those farther away call "Conductor! Conductor!" in hysterical feminine bursts. The bell gave its final signal. The engine put forth two or three impatient snorts, the wheels began to glide along the tracks, and the train puffed slowly from the station. Minor dashed, panting and calling, past the bewildered hangers-on, down the platform and out on to the tracks. But the train was already running at full speed, and was almost out of sight. The diner made up the end of the train, and two or three waiters were standing on its rear platform watching Minor as he ran desperately and vainly along. Their rows of white teeth framed longer and longer canals across their dusky cheeks. They were full of merriment over the little episode. The cook leaned forward and threw out the end of a towel toward Minor, offering, in rude pantomime, to pull him along if he would only grasp its unreachable corner. Minor drew himself up quite suddenly and stopped,—spent and breathless. He stood quite still in the burning sunshine watching until the last cloud of wind-hurled smoke had scattered its heavy, cindery mass on the mountain side. It is never a careless sight,—this going out of a train from a lonely town in the dreary fastnesses of the Rockies. The last far-off rumblings of its steaming, boisterous vitality are the last faint echoes of the mighty throb from the great world-heart,—a heart that, for these towns, beats but twice in the long twenty-four hours. To-day it meant more than this to Minor. That great, rude engine had borne away in its mannerless grasp the triumph of a long striving, the blossoming of carefully grown hopes.

He was not wholly unreasonable in putting so tragic a face upon the matter. It was not merely a case of a postponed engagement which he could fill the next day, or the next week, or the next month. In the first place one's audience does not come so easily at one's beck and call. And even if he could be sure of them the fact could not help him. He could not be there himself. In his position of secretary to the Inspector of Roads and Bridges, he was bound first to consider his employer. There was on hand

some important construction work along the Snake River. Mr. Clark had shown him a real favor in giving him the three days for his concerts. It would be beyond the limits of decency to ask for another three at such a time.

He dragged himself, exhausted and purposeless, past the freight trains and hand cars to the blue sign with the white lettering. Once in the office he sank mutely into a chair. Williams turned and saw a limp figure and a colorless face.

"Great heavens, Frank!" he almost shouted; "what's happened?"

In his sudden weakness Minor found speech impossible. He gave a comical smile, half of apology and half of misery, and waved one shaking hand toward the west, pointing the other at himself. Williams understood, and was silent. He poured out a glass of brandy from a flask in his desk and Minor drained it gratefully.

When they finally began to talk over the situation Minor showed himself humanly eager to free himself from blame in having missed the train. He was only half-satisfied with Williams's assurance that the train had come in two minutes late, and had gone out on time. The other three minutes Minor was forced to confess on the credit side of his account. He thought with a rush of self-accusations of his search for his music and the chase after his hat. Williams, in the loyalty of his friendship, stoutly protested against the possibility of blame in the action of Minor, and laid unreasonable charges at the doors of the engineers and conductors. They sat rather silently after that. Williams would have liked to offer consolation, but he could find nothing cheerful in the situation, and although Minor would have grasped eagerly at any chance of release from his difficulty, no plan offered itself. The most discouraging part of the affair lay in the fact that he had lost not Rock Springs alone, but Evanston and Ogden also. Their relative positions and railroad connections were such that to have missed one meant to miss all. They had a brief hope in his being able to drive from Rawlins to Rock Springs. In a country so mountainous frequent change of horses would be imperative. They telegraphed to the various towns that lay between to engage teams to meet Minor as he drove through. The Wamsutter operator sent back a facetious effort:—

"Only five horses in town and they're not here." Williams took time to call the fellow a fool before he took down the messages of the Black Buttes and Bitter Creek operators. They, too, said there were no horses.

Minor suggested wheeling. Williams turned on him scornfully.

"That road is either straight up or straight down. Suppose you could wheel part of the way and drive the rest. You'd be a dead man when you got to Rock Springs."

In the face of such a contingency, Minor was ready to relinquish the plan. The morning wore gloomily away. Williams pointedly suggested his telegraphing his managers that he could not appear. Minor humbly acknowledged the propriety of the action, but held off in a shrinking distaste for the finality of the step.

"If only I could get you out a special train," said Williams, going over the well-worn field of possibilities. "But in these times when the road's in the hands of receivers, it isn't such an easy matter to get an extra train just to take a man to his own concert."

The dust began to blow in unbearably strong gusts through the screen door. Minor got up to close the inside door, and he lingered a moment on the threshold, his eyes resting with a sudden look of despondency on the glaring ugly world without. His glance fell on the freight trains and hand cars.

"I have it," he cried excitedly. "I'll take a hand car. You can get me some of those Japs that are working on your line farther down, and I'll make Rock Springs to-night.

Williams jumped to his feet. "Minor," he said, "that's an inspiration. Those lighter hand cars will hold just four people. You can start right out and rest often enough if you work by twos to keep your strength until you get there."

In another ten minutes Williams stood bareheaded on the platform waving his straw hat to a hand car gliding smoothly and swiftly down the track. The sun beat down in long merciless rays, and kindled the lines of steel to streaks of livid flame over which the black mass of the hand car shot. Two Japanese laborers bent and raised their short, close-knit figures, and the two iron hands swung up and down between them like a teetering board. A third Japanese sat on the edge of the car holding a cornet case in his hand. In front stood Minor, his fresh, boyish face full of a new light and hope. He shouted and waved a battered hat, and the car sped down the track and was lost.

Agatha Jean Sonna, '99.

A MEMORY.

It may have been a very commonplace little room, but to my childish mind it seemed as beautiful as fairyland, and it is filled with sweet memories for me now. The furniture had been of some light colored wood originally, I suppose, but Aunt Jane had painted it pale blue with bunches of snowdrops on all the panels. Against the white and gold-striped wall paper hung mottoes and little pictures of windmills or waterfalls, also the work of my artistic Aunt Jane. How sweet it was to waken in that room in the early June mornings. Just outside the little white curtained window the birds sang in the apple tree, and the fresh morning breezes brought the faint fragrance of the apple blossoms into the room. I can remember just where, in early summer, the sunlight touched the waterfall, and how, as the weeks passed, it moved toward the left, so that when the apples had ripened, it lighted Aunt Margaret's sampler instead.

I remember one rare spring morning, when I started up in childish terror at some wild dream I had dreamed, and I found my mother standing beside me, looking down at me in sweet compassion.

"Dear little girl," she said, and as she stooped to kiss me she laid a handful of blossoms on the pillow beside my face. I held tight to her hand, and as she sat there on my bed beside me, she told me a wonderful thing.

My little playmate Elizabeth had been ill, and I had not been allowed to see her and to play with her for many days. Now in sweet, low tones my mother was telling me that little Elizabeth had gone away, and that I should not see her again for a long time. She had slipped away in the night while I had slept, my mother said, but she had left a good-by kiss for me.

She had gone far, very far away, beyond the shining of the furthest, faintest star, into a city where all was peace and joy, where the beautiful white-winged angels would lead her gently by the hand. It seemed like some lovely fairy story, and I looked at my mother with wondering incredulous eyes.

"And will Elizabeth never want to see her Mamma? And will she have any little friends to play with, away off there in the beautiful city?" I asked.

"Ah, little one," said my mother, "she will feel the kisses of God upon her lips, and she can never be lonely again."

After my mother left me, I lay for a long while thinking of little Elizabeth, and I thought that she must be very happy as she walked with the bright shining angels, through the streets of the beautiful city. As I lay there in my little white room, so full of warmth and sunshine, this land to which Elizabeth had gone became very real to me; and always when I think of it to-day, I seem to see again the dear little room, and to hear as a part of the heavenly music, the sweet tones of my mother's voice.

MARY GERALDINE GORDON, 1900.

ABOUT THE COURTS.

IF one has never sat in a court of justice, and watched that stream of wretched humanity file into the dock and out again; if one has never seen that line of miserable faces, each a record of sin, sometimes "more sinned against than sinning," one reads with little interest the columns in the daily paper under the words, "About the Courts." Boys of twenty arrested and sent to prison, girls crowding into a few short years more of experience and misery than many women who lead long lives of virtuous monotony will ever know—it means no more than the latest novel, with its scene laid in the slums; it is the fate of the poor.

This is a story of a merciful judge and a nineteenth century Magdalene. It is a true story of that darker side of life about which we know so little; dark with misery and shame, and yet as human as our own.

About nine o'clock, one Saturday evening, a policeman was going the rounds of his beat in the slums of a great city. He walked slowly, glancing sharply into every dark alley-way, or dimly lighted cellar, as he passed. The street was quiet, save when a woman's shrill laugh or a child's cry came from the tenement houses crowded on either side. A heavy cart rattled over the cobblestones, and as the rumble of its wheels died away, a sound of shouting was heard from a side street just ahead. The officer broke into a run, and reached the corner in time to seize by the arm a girl pursued by two men. She was very young, and her thin face was white with fear. She shrank back, as the men came panting up, while the foremost of them,

with a torrent of imprecations, began to explain. He was a large, stout man, dressed in a butcher's frock, and still held a knife in his hand. Anger and the exertion of running had made his usually red face purple, and he shook a clenched fist at the girl cowering before him.

"She's a thief!" he exclaimed. "She came begging into my shop down yonder," pointing over his shoulder with his thumb, "and when I told her to be off, she grabbed a dollar which this man had just laid down, and ran." The second man was a pleasant featured laborer, who looked pityingly at the girl, and made no attempt to accuse her further. By this time a small crowd of men had collected, who pushed and jostled each other in their efforts to catch sight of the prisoner's scared, white face. She had a tiny baby in her arms, and one of the bystanders shouted something which caused the officer to look round threateningly, while the girl broke into sobs. At this the laborer spoke: "I guess she's sorry," he said, "and she won't do it again. Perhaps she's hungry. Are you hungry, my girl?" he added. Before she could reply the hard-faced butcher broke in roughly. "Sorry!" he sneered; "it's too late for that! She's stole, and she's got to suffer for it. Run her in, officer, and I'll be there Monday morning to testify against her. Prison's the place for the likes of her."

A few minutes later the street was quiet. The policeman after taking down facts and addresses, led away the girl, the butcher returned to his shop, the laborer to his home, and the crowd, to which such things were no novelty, wandered off in search of fresh amusement.

Promptly at nine o'clock the next Monday morning the judge of the criminal court entered the court-room, and took his place upon the bench. The sing-song voice of the clerk drawled out the usual "Oyez, oyez." Men in threadbare suits, and women with hard, curious faces, sauntered in, and settled themselves for a morning of entertainment, and the work of the court began.

For an hour the usual dull routine went on. The customary number of cases for drunkenness and other minor crimes were called, and the prisoners released, or sentenced, more or less severely as the case might be. Then, suddenly, a change passed over the room. The loafers on the benches sat up, looking eagerly at the figure in the dock, the weary voice of the clerk took on fresh vigor, and even the judge leaned forward and looked keenly

at the prisoner. Such a thin slip of a girl she was, and such a tiny baby wailing in her arms. "Fifteen years old," she said in answer to the clerk's question. "Guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty." Yes, she did take the money. She was hungry, the baby starving. A thrill of pity ran over the court-room, but the red-faced butcher, in his best black coat, scowled grimly from the front seat. He had hoped she would plead not guilty, that he might mount the witness stand, and prove that she lied. He mopped his big, coarse face with his handkerchief, and threw one leg across the other impatiently. A case in court meant much excitement for him, and he had spent the previous day telling the story, not without exaggeration, and urging his neighbors to be present at the trial. And now, if he should have no chance to testify!

The judge did not speak. He seemed to be intently studying a paper cutter on the desk before him. At last he looked up, and beckoned to an officer. "I should like to speak to the prisoner," he said. He watched her closely as she came through the gate of the dock, up the steps to where he was sitting, and as he talked to her, his keen eyes observed every line of the pinched face and figure, every tear in the ragged gown. The baby ceased to cry, and reached out a diminutive hand toward his watch-chain. The mother drew back hastily, but the judge only smiled.

As they led the girl away he leaned over and spoke to the clerk. A moment later the verdict was announced. "The prisoner is released on probation." It is the modern way of saying, "Go, and sin no more." The butcher rose angrily and stalked from the room. The kind-faced probation officer took the girl's hand, and led her away to what she had never known before,—encouragement and a chance to begin again. The next case was called, and the old formula began once more, but the judge did not seem to be listening. He was again looking at the paper cutter, and the strong lines of his face had settled back into their usual reserve.

Fifteen years old, and starving! The judge was thinking of his home in the suburbs, and of the little daughter who had kissed him good-by that morning. It was her fifteenth birthday.

Amelia M. Ely, '98.

EDITORIALS.

Does the College want a magazine? Before we as members of the Board were vitally interested in the answer to the above question, when we were stirred by the pleas and thanks of other Boards for contributions, the matter troubled us. Now that we ourselves must plead and thank it moves us especially. When we think on future Boards continuing the process, hoping that by some manner or means thanking alone might go on and the pleading stop, we ask, "Does the College want a magazine?" Can not this question be answered seriously and honestly. We do not mean by the answer, "Yes; because other colleges have magazines." We do not mean by the answer, "Yes; because there is one here and it must be supported; it must not stop." Each year the next senior class asks a few of its members to conduct eight publications of the Magazine, on the Constitution of which the College has voted, although it is to be doubted whether twenty students in the present body know the main features of that document.

But does the class, does the College, want the Magazine? By the contributions which do not fill its post-office box, by the eagerness with which requests for contributions are not met, we venture registering "no" in answer to this, our question number one.

Secondly, is the Magazine read, and if so, for what? It has been reported that some students subscribe because they feel they have to. Such in all probability do not read it at all. One person says she reads it from cover to cover; another for the local departments only. Are there enough of those who read it from cover to cover to warrant the continuance of a half of the publication for which contributions must be implored, wheedled, and almost extorted from their authors? Or would a majority of the College prefer a half sheet containing only Editorials, Free Press, and College Notes?

Finally, if a magazine is wanted, if it is read, who are willing to contribute to it? Will a majority of the student body follow the example of a blessed few and give freely their best work to stand indicative of the College literary status? Or does the majority prefer that no literary status be indicated? Does fifty-one per cent of the College want to contribute? If not—

if no college pride nor class pride instigates magazine support—if all contributions must be gone after — if none come spontaneously — can the Magazine stand as a truly representative publication? The suggested feeling that the Magazine is a sort of secondhand place where worn out articles may be disposed of, need not, to our minds, enter a consideration of the matter at all. The whole College knows that the whole College is busy—that rarely, if ever, do time and inspiration coincide for writing special magazine work. If what is already on hand were given, results, we think, could be trusted to look out for themselves. Some affirm that they thoroughly enjoy what the Magazine attempts to be. How many such are there? How many of that number are willing to contribute without special, prolonged, and even violent solicitation? If there be not a majority of such in the student body, we hold that the issuing of the Magazine, as a College publication, is virtually unwarranted. A Magazine, to our mind, without spontaneity in contribution, without welcome for its existence, without goodwill and effort toward its continuance, would better be abolished altogether. A mass meeting is easily possible for such an abolishment, for the substitution of something which will be wanted—which can induce voluntary contribution. Is such a meeting wanted—is such an abolishment wanted—is such a substitution wanted?

For the nonce we are agitators, and plan to agitate continually. We have opinions—the College, it appears, has opinions. May it help itself and us to reach convictions. Finis.

FREE PRESS.

I.

Sure remedy for "that tired feeling"—take long, easy steps as you walk. This may be to every one else an old, old story, but to me it came last year as a most delightful discovery. When you are going to the Art Building or Stone Hall, let your steps be as long as they please; don't exert yourself to cut them exactly to the decreed lady's length. Forthwith you will find the world around you both beautiful and happy, though no

part of it has passed, even with little blue notes, on a single hour's work. Relax, and rest, if not power, will come from your repose.

Apropos of beauty and walking, and "that tired feeling," might it not be suggested that a few additional walks be taken later in the spring with a special view to sending some small part of our Wellesley beauty to the tired of the city.

F. H. R., '99.

II.

WHO will pick flowers for our poor little friends in Boston? They have nothing but the very much landscaped Public Gardens, where "keep off the grass" confronts them at every step. That reminds me of a story about a poor little city boy who, when he was asked what were the signs of spring, replied that "he guessed it was them boards with 'keep off the grass' on 'em." We lucky children of Alma Mater have other signs of spring. There are buttercups, daisies, violets, and, above all, the homely dandelion everywhere. Do you remember—and it is pretty long ago—with what joys in spring you discovered the first dandelion? How you covered your dirty little fingers with the white sticky juice, and how you made a trumpet of its long green stem, and oh! the loveliest curls? It is so easy to gather wild flowers for our less fortunate brothers and sisters, many of whom have never been blessed with the sight of a field covered with flowers. Remember these little ones and take your flowers any Tuesday to Room 121 B. C. H., before 3 P. M. They will be taken from there right to the College Settlement and the children.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

III.

I WANT to second the motion of H., '97. It seems to me that as reasoning women we have the right to know these facts that we wish to know regarding our standing. I am sure that each of us is conscious of some particular talent or bent of mind. It may be History, or Mathematics, or Latin, or Zoölogy, but whatever it is, it is to be our life work—we hope to study into it more deeply some day—we would like to do original work in it now; we would like to follow up some of the new and interesting paths that are suggested in the daily lessons, but for which there is no time in the regular hours. For the purpose of following these lines and getting a deeper hold,

a more original hold, of our subject, we would be willing to steal a little time from something else if we dared. As H., '97, says, we often underestimate our work, and are unconscious that no disastrous results would follow the relaxing of work upon a less congenial subject.

It may be urged that work on a subject that is uncongenial, and therefore difficult, is excellent mental discipline. Is not the lower school the place for most of this mental discipline? Indeed, is not work upon a congenial subject quite as beneficial to the mind? In this age of extreme specialization we cannot follow more than one line to any great heights and depths, and I think we shall feel ourselves much more richly repaid for toil upon our life work than for work on some branch which is to be dropped when the course card is in our hand.

Each girl must decide upon the standard she will set herself in each subject. It is better to do skillful, original work in one subject, even though it be at the expense of something else, than to do only mediocre work in all. To plan work intelligently we must needs know our records.

F.

IV.

THE "credit system" seems to have aroused a large amount of dormant curiosity in college. So many girls now are saying, "I want to know all my marks." "If we know part, we should know all." This, I grant you, is plausible. But I hold that we should not know even a part. When I came to college it was carefully explained to me why we didn't know our marks. These were the reasons: First, when a woman comes to college she is supposed to come for the love of knowledge, of study. Second, she is no longer a child in high school who needs the stimulus of a prize or the competition of her fellow students. Now she can cast aside all working to get ahead of her neighbor, and study because she wishes to study. Third, she knows very well the kind of work she is doing, and knows, too, if it is satisfactory to herself, the one person to be satisfied. She is a student, and a woman. These facts, or ought-to-be facts, appealed to me strongly, and it was with the greatest disgust that I heard of the credit system. If we do work for marks, we should not. If we are not students, here is the place to cultivate the student nature. But you say, "We simply want to know as

they do at men's colleges." That is all very well, but is there not an immense amount of competition, of the working for marks, there? I think if you listen quietly to college men's stories you will see what an important and undesirable factor this struggling to stand before a neighbor is. When a woman leaves college, where she has worked for four years, with marks for a stimulus, do you think she will take up her life work and throw herself into it simply for the love of the work? I think not. She will still look for her marks, and work to win the prize. Her life will grow narrow and selfish. If there is one thing which, above all others, needs to be crushed out of our national life, it is the way men work to get ahead of a neighbor. He works for a thing not at all because he believes what he says or does, but because it will advance him. The sooner this spirit is crushed out of existence the better it is for the nation. Then let us nip in bud a desire which tends to heighten this propensity. '98.

EXCHANGES.

THE magazines for April are, in general, singularly lacking both in good fiction and in poetry. The spring atmosphere has inspired scarcely a single poem, and too many of the stories are quite devoid of freshness.

We congratulate the new editors of the *Amherst Lit.* on the bright and interesting number for this month. The editorials are sensible and earnest in tone. "The Sketch Book" has a bright and picturesque vein. "The Passing of a Coward" is a story with strong dramatic interest and a well-sustained climax.

The *Bachelor of Arts* has an interesting and lively article on Christine de Pisan, an authoress of the fifteenth century; also a thrilling story of adventure in Turkey, "The End of a Brigand." "Instead of Clubs" is especially noteworthy for its point of view in regard to college societies and fraternities. So much has been said against societies that it is well to consider so enthusiastic a defense.

In the *Yale Lit.* for this month there seems to be a striving and straining after originality in fiction which only succeeds in attaining ambiguity. Doubtless the authors of "A Model Girl" and "The Consequences of Teddy" knew what they meant. They have, however, left so much to suggestion

that the puzzled reader fails to discover what they meant to suggest, or, indeed, if they meant to suggest anything. The best thing in the *Lit.* is a pathetic little sketch, "A Natural Inference." The leading article is worth special notice. It deals with the lamentable lack of interest in scholarship exhibited in the modern university, and appeals to the college man to direct some part of his enthusiasm for the athlete into appreciative recognition of the scholar.

The *Inlander* has some good fiction this month. We note a strong story of mining life, "Bill and Jerry," and "Tincombe's Refreshment," a story of college laboratories. The latter presents an ordinary situation, and makes it interesting through its well-studied background and good characterization.

The *Bowdoin Orient* is given up to the commemoration of Longfellow's ninetieth birthday.

The *Nassau Lit.* contains a story called "Dr. Aydelotte"; its style is not pleasing, but the principal character is strongly drawn. "The Unexpected Travelers" is an attempt at farce, which has not substance enough nor truth enough to make us even smile. In "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century" there is a combination of pathos and humor which appeals to the imagination.

The lighter material in the *Brown Magazine* strikes us as being rather unworthy college work; inclined, in fact, toward the sentimental and frivolous. The leading article, on "The Accidental Mind," is bright in tone, concrete in illustration, and especially well written.

In the *Vassar Miscellany* we note a bright, original story, "A Heroine of the Wayside"; and in a more serious vein, "In the Interests of Education."

We clip the following:—

THE LANDMARK.

There's a pine far up on a beetling crag,
  Where the mist-forms drift of a lowering day,
Like a giant standing with arms spread wide
Toward the east and west, on either side,
  A guide to the dreary way.

Gnarled its branches by many a storm,
  Twisted and torn in the driving sleet,
Shaken its form by each rumbling crash,
Riven its head by the lightning's flash
  From the breast of the storm clouds fleet.

"Time came from the east and has journeyed west,
Harvesting all with his sickles free.
He has changed the cast of nature's face
And hurled the rocks from their solid base,
But he has not taken me.

So in years to come, when the wind blows wild
Through the pale gray light of a wintry dawn,
And the old trees' fingers have loosed their hold
On the rocks torn out from the frozen mould,
There's the oldest landmark gone."

—*Yale Lit.*

THE GOTHIC CATHEDRAL.

A race of mighty passion, sometime turned
From blood and battle-play unto the light
Of God's full grace, enraptured by the sight
Of that new revelation's glory, burned
To reach unto its source. And upward yearned
The spirit wakened from its rayless night
And sought to utter the transporting might
Of truthward aspiration it had learned.

Behold that utterance in this living stone!
Buoyant and free these eager arches spring
Heavenward on and on; each tower and spire
Leaps out to the eternal; ages flown
Long since to knowledge, breathe unperishing
In this tall minster, their God-born desire.

—*Nassau Lit.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

Cap and Gown, Second Series of College Verse. Selected by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 1897.

Among collections of its kind this little volume may well rank near the first. Fully one half the book is given over to "Love and Sentiment," and is abounding in pleasing little conceits, as well as in some lines of true feeling. The main theme of the collection, however, is "the comic," for "light, graceful, humorous, sparkling—this should college verse be," says the collaborator. As the result of such a purpose in gathering undergraduate lines, the reader has a charming little book, calling forth in the idle hour irresistible appreciation and smiles.

Introduction to American Literature, by F. V. N. Painter, A.M., D.D., Professor of Modern Languages in Roanoke College. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston.

The book does not claim to be a comprehensive one in the least. There is a general survey of each period in our national literature, presenting the conditions under which the various authors wrote. The sketches of the representative writers give with considerable fullness the leading biographical facts, together with a critical estimate of their works. The selections for special study, which are chosen to illustrate the distinguishing characteristics of each author, are supplied with explanatory notes. The attempt is made to give the student a clear and satisfactory knowledge of our best authors, and is an attempt calculated to meet with success.

Charlotte Bronte, Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women Series, by Elbert Hubbard. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, 10 cents.

If one pays particular attention to the second title of the little pamphlet, instead of the first, he will not think the four sketches it contains misnamed. The matter deals more with what was about the author of "Jane Eyre" than it does with the author herself. In few words is told the simple, pathetic story of the woman who suffered and died, as wife of a tyrant Irishman, calling himself by a French name, as mother of one of the world's first women writers. There then follow two little essays, picturing the village and the home of this woman writer, and finally, a word of the woman herself. The author of the sketches dwells on the joy she must have felt in the natural, beautiful world about her, not on her sorrows. "Why," he writes, "weep over her troubles, when these were the weapons with which she won? Why sit in sackcloth on account of her early death, when it is appointed of all men once to die, and with her the grave was swallowed up in victory?" It is, on the whole, an interesting little book, and gives the reader a bright, chatty account of the surroundings of one who has charmed many by her pen.

Recent numbers of the *Zeitschuft der Psychologie und Physiologie der Sinnesorgane* contain notices of two Wellesley College psychological studies: the "Study of the Dream-Consciousness," by Miss Weed, Miss Hallam, and Miss Phinney, and Miss Learoyd's account of the "Continued Story."

The latter review concludes with the words: "Surely it is an attractive realm of the psychic life which the delicate feeling of the author reveals and attempts to treat scientifically, spite of the efforts of the tender pictures of fancy to escape from the stern grasp of scientific investigation."

The same reviewer comments rather severely upon the theoretical part of Miss Calkins's monograph on "Association." He is especially affected, it appears, by the fact that she quotes from only four German psychologists. The experimental part of the work, on the other hand, whose results he quotes in some detail, he pronounces "valuable" and "*sehr beachtenswert.*"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Introduction to American Literature, by F. V. N. Painter, A.M., D.D., Professor of Modern Languages in Roanoke College. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston, New York, Chicago.

Charlotte Bronte, Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women Series, by Elbert Hubbard. Price, 10 cents. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London; New Rochelle, N. Y.

Carlyle's Essay on Burns, edited, with introduction and notes, by Andrew J. George, M.A., Department of English, High School, Newton, Mass. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, U. S. A.

La Pierre de Touche: A comedy, by Emile Angier, in collaboration with Jules Sandeau, edited, with notes and introduction, by George McLean Harper, Ph.D., Professor of Romance Languages in Princeton University. Ginn & Co., Boston, U. S. A., and London.

Dona Perfecta, *Novela Espanola contemporanea*, *por* Benito Pérez Galdóz, with an introduction and notes by A. R. Marsh, Assistant Professor of Comparative Literature in Harvard University. Ginn & Co., Boston, U. S. A., and London.

Cap and Gown, Second Series, selected by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Apr. 6.—The wheel begins to turn again.

Apr. 11.—Rev. William R. Richards, of Plainfield, N. J., preached in the chapel at the usual hour. At half past seven in the evening, Dr. Pauline Root, of Madura, India, gave an interesting account of her experiences as a medical missionary.

Apr. 12.—At 7.30 in the evening, Mr. George Cable gave a reading in the chapel from his story, "Pa'son Jones," preceded by a colored mammy's bed-time story and a fantastic creole folk song, both very skillfully rendered.

Mr. and Mrs. Cable dined, before the reading, with President Irvine at Norumbega.

Apr. 17.—A meeting of the Barn Swallows in the gymnasium. The entertainment of the evening consisted of the rendering of the farce, "A Chafing Dish Party," by John Kendrick Bangs. The cast was as follows:—

Mr. Robert Yardsley (an amateur cook),	Grace Edgett, '97.
Mr. Jack Barlow (an expert guyer),	Isabella J. Kenny, '99.
Mr. Thaddeus Perkins (a householder),	Edna V. Patterson, '98.
Mrs. Perkins (his wife) . . .	Ethel Bowman, 1900.
Mr. Edward Bradley (another guyer),	Gertrude Burnham, '97.
Mrs. Bradley (a peacemaker) . . .	Louise Beach, '99.
Jennie (the housemaid) . . .	A. Mary Keepers, 1900.

The farce was preceded by a short "business meeting," conducted by the president, Miss Haskell, and two delightful whistling solos by Florence Brentano, 1900.

Apr. 18.—Preaching by President Merrill E. Gates, of Amherst, at eleven o'clock in the morning. At half past seven in the evening, Easter Vespers, given under the direction of Professor Hill, by the Glee Club and Beethoven Society, assisted by Mrs. Stovall, organist, and Mr. Wulf Fries, 'cellist.

Apr. 19.—Holiday (?). At half past seven in the evening, concert of chamber music,—Beethoven's Septet, Op. 20, and Schubert's Octett, Op. 166, rendered by Mr. Charles Allen, violinist, Mr. Wulf Fries, 'cellist, and several members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Apr. 25.—Dean George Hodges, of Cambridge.

Apr. 26.—Concert.

A regular meeting of the Society Tau Zeta Epsilon was held in Tau Zeta Epsilon Hall, on Saturday, April 17, 1897. Miss Ethel Cobb, '99, was initiated. The following programme was then presented:—

I.	Stained Glass Windows, Their History and Formation	Alice V. Stevens.
II.	Music	Mary Jauch.
III.	Windows in England, as typified by Burne Jones	Gertrude Bailey.
IV.	Music	Lucile Reynolds.
V.	A Talk on Noted Windows in America	Elsie Stern.
VI.	Music	Lucile Reynolds.

A meeting of the Phi Sigma society was held May 1. The subject was Fiona Macloud, and the following programme was given:—

Celtic Superstition as seen in Green Fire	Florence Foley.
Reading from Merime Cloriosd.	
Myths of Love and Death in the "Sin Eater and other Tales"	Mary Hamblet.
Celtic Songs.	
Celtic Lyrics in "The Washer of the Ford"	Amelia M. Ely.
Reading from "The Last Supper."	
Music.	

EXHIBIT OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE AT NASHVILLE, 1897.

PHOTOCRAYONS:—

College Hall.
College Hall from Lake.
Art Building.
Music Hall.
Houghton Memorial Chapel.
Stone Hall.
Norumbega Cottage.
Freeman Cottage.
Wood Cottage.
Simpson Cottage.
The Lodge.
Photograph Album. Views of buildings and grounds.

PUBLICATIONS:—

The Merchant of Venice. Katharine Lee Bates.
The English Religious Drama. Katharine Lee Bates.
A Ballad Book. Katharine Lee Bates.
As You Like It. Katharine Lee Bates.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. Katharine Lee Bates.
Introduction to the Writings of John Ruskin. Vida D. Scudder.
The Grotesque in Gothic Art. Vida D. Scudder.
Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive. Vida D. Scudder.
Shelley's Prometheus Unbound. Vida D. Scudder.
The Life of the Spirit in the Modern English Poets. Vida D. Scudder.
The Pilgrim and other Poems. Sophie Jewett.
Wellesley Lyrics. Cordelia C. Nevers.
The Growth of the English Nation. Katharine Coman and Elizabeth Kendall.
Historical Documents of the Middle Ages. Ernest F. Henderson.
A History of Germany in the Middle Ages. Ernest F. Henderson.
The Early History of the Colonial Post Office. Mary E. Woolley.
Dissertation for the Doctor's Degree. Helen L. Webster.
Legends of the Micmacs. Edited by Helen L. Webster.
Metres of Horace Set to Music. Frances E. Lord.
The Roman Pronunciation of Latin. Frances E. Lord.
Deutsche Sprachlehre. Carla Wenckebach.
Scheffel's Trompeter von Säkkingen. Carla Wenckebach.
Algebra. Ellen Hayes.
Land Birds of New England. M. A. Willcox.
Birds of Wellesley and Vicinity. Albert Pitts Morse.
Dissertation for the Doctor's Degree. Grace E. Cooley.
Chemistry: Four Pamphlets. Charlotte F. Roberts.
Stereo-Chemistry. Charlotte F. Roberts.
An Investigation of the Blood of Necturus and Cryptobranchus. Edith J. Claypole.
The Enteron of the Cayuga Lake Lamprey. Agnes M. Claypole.
A New Method for Securing Paraffin Sections to the Slide or Cover Glass. Agnes M. Claypole.
Notes on Comparative Histology of Blood and Muscle. Edith J. Claypole.

OUTLINES:—

English Drama. A Working Basis. Katharine Lee Bates and Lydia B. Godfrey.
Outline: English Literature. Katharine Lee Bates.
Outline: American Literature. Katharine Lee Bates.
Chaucer: Outlines and References. Sophie Jewett.
Syllabus of Lectures on the History of English Literature. Sophie Jewett.
Outline: For the Study of the Modern English Poets. Vida D. Scudder.
Outline: English Literature. Vida D. Scudder.
Outline: Economic Theory. Katharine Coman.
Outline: Constitutional History of England. Katharine Coman.
Outline: French Revolution. Katharine Coman.
Experiments in Chemistry. Charlotte F. Roberts.
Directions for Laboratory Work in Physiology. Edith J. Claypole.

NOTEBOOKS AND EXAMINATION PAPERS—PHYSICS, PSYCHOLOGY, ZOÖLOGY:—

Embryology: Papers.
Physical Laboratory: Papers.
Biology: Papers.
Psychological Laboratory: Book. M. W. Calkins.
Experimental Psychology: Pamphlet.
Department of Physics: Examination Papers, Pamphlet.
Biology: Notebooks. Edith Annette Mooar, Mary Zahn Miller, Frances K. Pullen.
Physiology: Notebooks. Talulah Maine, Alice F. Smith.
Histology: A Comparison of the Lungs of the Frog, Pigeon, and Rabbit. Frances K. Pullen.
Histology: Laboratory Notes, Drawings, and Lecture.
Notes and Drawings in Anatomy of the Cat and Embryology of the Chick.
Biology: Slides, two packages.

THESES:—

Comparative Study of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Bertha E. Smith, '90.
The French Criticism of Shakespeare. Mary Gertrude Cushing, candidate for the degree of M.A., 1895.
Women and Children in English Agriculture. Mary L. Sawyer.
The Sympathetic Strike in the United States. Minnie A. Morss, June, '95.
Observations on the Teleuto-stage of Gymnosporangium Clavariæforme D. C. Harriet Lathrop Merrow, June 3, 1893.
The Nature of Creative Criticism Ethically Considered. Bertha Palmer.
Robert Browning's Philosophy of Art. Henrietta Wells Livermore.
The Product of Convict Labor should be Devoted Exclusively to Prison Consumption. Annie Tomlinson.

MISCELLANEOUS:—

Book: Circulars and Blanks relating to Administration.
Book: Entrance Examination Papers, June, 1896.
Book: Programmes of Concerts, October, 1895,–March, 1897.
Wellesley College Calendars (3), 1896–97.
Report of the President and Treasurer, 1896, two copies.
College Lists, 1896 and 1897.
Register of the Wellesley College Alumnæ Association.
Department of Physical Training. M. Anna Wood.
Statistical Tables: Gymnasium. M. Anna Wood.
Matriculation Book.
Wellesley Souvenir Calendar, 1897.
Souvenir of Class of '86.
Presentation Address: Portrait of Miss Howard.
Address at Library Festival.
Souvenir of Wellesley College: Faculty Parlor.
Scheme on the Basis of a Bequest by E. N. Horsford.
Address Delivered at the Opening of the Farnsworth Art School.
Catalogue of Works of Art in Wellesley College.
Catalogue: Stetson Collection.
Catalogue of Works on North American Languages.

History of Higher Education in Massachusetts: Article on Wellesley College.
The New Cycle: Article on Wellesley College.
New England Magazine: Article on Wellesley College.
Wellesley Magazine, seven numbers.
Booklets Descriptive of Wellesley (for distribution).

PUBLICATIONS:—

The Witness of Denial. Vida D. Scudder.
Essay: Association. Macmillan & Co. Mary Whiton Calkins.
Minor Studies from the Psychological Laboratory. Communicated by Mary Whiton Calkins. Three pamphlets, "Reprints."
A Statistical Study of Pseudo-Chromesthesia and Mental Forms. Mary Whiton Calkins.
Statistics of Dreams. Mary Whiton Calkins.

SIGN: "Wellesley College."

By the will of Sarah J. Holbrook $3,000 is given to Wellesley to found a scholarship.

The Classical Society held its monthly programme meeting Saturday evening, April 24. Jessie G. Hall was initiated into the Society. The following was the programme, the second on Latin comedy:—

II. Terence.
  a. Symposium.
    Latest News from Classic Lands.
      1. Excavations at Corinth.
      2. The Present Greek War.
  b. Discussion.
    I. The Peculiarities of Terence . . Nellie Fowler.
    II. Types in Latin Comedy.
      1. The Parasite . . . . Grace Chapin.
      2. The Old Father . . . . Mary Pierce.
      3. The Cunning Slave . . . Edith Ames.

At a regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha, held April 10, the following programme was presented:—

Drama in England.

I. A Survey of the Drama in England . Bertha Trebein.
II. Some of the English Dramas not put upon the Stage . . . Frances Hoyt.
III. Reminiscences of a Theatre Goer . Rachel Hoge.
Current Topic: The Floods in the West . Margaret Wheeler.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

An interesting article on Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley, Sp., '76–'79, appears in *The Puritan* for April. Mrs. Kingsley is well known as the author of "Titus."

Among the various changes to go into effect next fall at the College, is the division of the Mathematics department. Miss Hayes is to be Professor of Applied Mathematics and Miss Ellen L. Burrell, '80, has been appointed to the professorship of Pure Mathematics.

Alice Hanson Luce, '83, will enter the English department of the College next year. In the absence of Associate Professor Hart, Miss Luce will have charge of the freshman work.

Bertha Denis, '84, and Helen A. Merrill, '86, will return to the College next year as instructors in the department of Pure Mathematics.

Ellen F. Pendleton, '86, has been appointed to the secretaryship of the College. Miss Pendleton enters upon the performance of her duties on May 1.

May Banta, '89, Clare L. Wade, '90, Mary Lurena Webster, '91, visited the College on Monday, April 12.

The engagement of Mary Stinson, '89, to Capt. Wm. H. Bean, U. S. A., is announced.

Martha G. McCaulley, '92, is now teaching in Mississippi.

Helen Burr, '93, has been obliged by illness to give up her position in the Medford (Mass.) High School. Sarah Williams, '92, takes Miss Burr's place.

Emeline S. Bennett, '93, Mary Millard, '94, Virginia Corbin, '94, Marion Taylor, '95, are working for the degree of P.B. at the Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

The engagement of Helen Parker Drake, '94, to Charles Spaulding Aldrich (Brown, '94, Wesleyan, '95), was announced on March 1. Miss Drake expects to spend the summer abroad.

The following members of '95 have visited the College during the past month: May Merrill, Bertha Morrill, Mary Field, Grace Waymouth, Alice Hunt.

The engagement of Alice W. Norcross, '95, to Mr. Henry J. Gross, of Worcester, Mass., is announced.

The engagement of Helen L. Wilder, '95, to Charles Rufus Harte, of Boston, is announced.

Bessie Mitchell, '95, is teaching in the Milton (Mass.) High School.

The Alumnæ will be glad to know that their petition to the Trustees concerning the change of the chapel site was most cordially received. The question has been reconsidered and the original site between the rhododendrons and Longfellow given up. The final choice has fallen upon the knoll lying between the board walk from Music Hall to Simpson and the open space in front of Music Hall, and between the avenue and the direct path from College Hall to Stone Hall. This site is about four hundred feet east of the site originally chosen.

The Boston Wellesley College Club held its annual luncheon at "The Thorndike" Saturday, March 20, and was favored by having as guests of the afternoon, President Irvine, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and Mrs. Pauline A. Durant. The club president, Retta L. Winslow, '88, presided as Toastmistress, introducing the following toasts, to which the guests and several club members responded:—

"Wellesley" . . . . . Mrs. Durant.
"Wellesley's Welcome to Special Students" . Mrs. Ellen Sherman Corson.
Songs . . . . . Alice S. Clement, '91.
"Wellesley's Present" . . . . Elizabeth Ziegler, '96.
"Wellesley's Future" . . . . . President Irvine.
Songs . . . . . Alice S. Clement, '91.
"College Loyalty" . . . Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer.

The meeting was heartily enjoyed by all, and there was a very large attendance, fifty-seven members being present. Dainty souvenirs of the

feast were provided by the club president, to whose efficiency the club owes its continued success and increase of members during the past two years. The new board of officers elected at this meeting are: president, Agnes W. Damon, '93; vice president, Annie H. Capron, '82; secretary and treasurer, Elizabeth Ziegler, '96.

The annual meeting of the Eastern New York Wellesley Club for the election of officers was held in March, 1897. The following officers were elected: president, Miss Ada Alice Jones, '84; secretary, Miss Bertha E. Hyatt, '96; treasurer, Miss Helen P. Drake, '94. It was decided to hold the annual reunion on Saturday, April 3.

On Saturday, April 3, 1897, the Eastern New York Wellesley Club held its annual reunion and luncheon at the home of Miss Bertha E. Hyatt, 358 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y. During the afternoon a few notices were given, and college news was exchanged. Before leaving, all joined heartily in giving the college cheer. The members unanimously agreed that the opportunities for meeting were too few, and it was hoped that the club might be called together at least once more before next spring.

The Southern California Wellesley Club was entertained by Miss Ida M. Frye in Los Angeles on the afternoon of April 3, it being the Club's first anniversary. The rooms were very prettily decorated in the "Wellesley blue." A delightful musical and literary programme was rendered, after which refreshments were served. Dainty souvenirs were presented to each guest. Those present were: Mrs. Coman, Mrs. Thompson, Misses Harwood, Sumner, Morgan, French, Foster, Lebus, Davis, Deyo, Jacobus, Winston, Ward, Frye, Graves, and Davenport.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Wellesley Alumnæ Chapter of the College Settlements Association will be held on Commencement Day, June 22, 1897, at 9.30, in the Lecture Room of the Art Building.

Mabel Gair Curtis,
Secretary W. A. Chapter.

MARRIAGES.

SAPP–STOCKWELL.—In Cleveland, Ohio, January 27, 1897, Miss Netta Stockwell, '92, to Mr. Walter S. Sapp. At home 1008 Case Avenue, Cleveland.

[NOTE.—Through a mistake in editing, the April number of the Magazine contained an inaccurate notice of the marriage of Miss Edna Pressy, '94. The editor apologizes to Mrs. Flagg and begs to state that the notice was correct in the January number.]

BIRTHS.

In New Haven, Conn., March 4, 1897, a daughter to Mrs. Alice Wetherbee Morehouse, formerly '87.

In Worcester, Mass., March 24, 1897, a daughter, Alice Lydia, to Mrs. Alice G. Arnold Burbank, '91.

In Easton, Pa., March 3, 1897, a son, Manfred, Jr., to Mrs. Katharine Fackenthal Lilliefors, '95.

DEATHS.

In Quincy, Mass., Mrs. Theodosia O. Hardwick, mother of Mrs. Carrie Hardwick Bigelow, '93.

In Boston, Mass., Feb. 15, 1897, Mr. Elisha W. Hall, father of Henrietta Hall, '81, and of Flora A. Hall, '91.

Frank Wood, Printer, Boston.